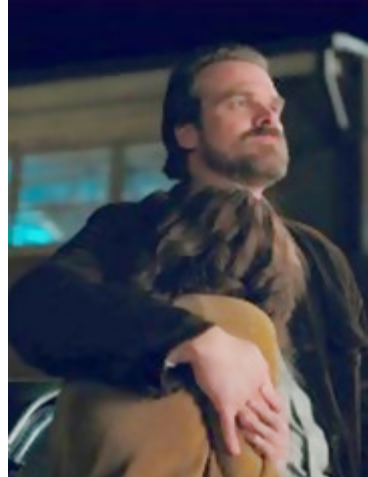




Him & I by [this-is-allison](#)

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Characters: J. Hopper, Jonathan B., Joyce B.

Pairings: J. Hopper/Joyce B.

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Summary: He's out his head, I'm out my mind. We got that love, the crazy kind.

1. Chapter 1

Cross my heart, hope to die

To my lover, I'd never lie

Said be true

I swear I'll try

In the end, it's Him & I

He's out his head

I'm out my mind

We got that love

The crazy kind

I am his, and he is mine

In the end, it's Him & I

Him & I

"Hop, we can't do this here." Joyce moans; throwing her head back as it hits the shelf in the stock room at Melvad's, her legs wrapped around his waist, his cock pumping deep inside her.

"It's a little late for that, Joyce." He groans, his lips moving to assault the newly exposed delicate skin of her neck, being careful not to leave a mark. They had been sneaking around for the better part of a month now, but between jobs and kids it was hard to get any decent time together. They had to take it where they could get it - and they wanted it *a lot*. Jane came home with Will and Jonathan after school and Hopper picked her up after his shift. He usually got off late so as long as Jane was asleep he would sneak into Joyce's room for a round or two before collecting her and heading home. They also made use of his blazer, the station, her car, his cabin (his tiny shower being her favorite), and even once fucked at a school fundraiser.

"You feel so good...so big." She pants, ripping open his uniform shirt to expose a white t-shirt underneath that she stuffs her hands under, needing to feel his skin against hers in as many ways as possible.

"I think you said the same thing last night." He smirks up at her then goes back to trailing his lips down her chest and into the crevice of her cleavage, pulling her undone shirt open more to give himself better access to her voluptuous breasts.

"We have to...hurry," She sighs, feeling her release building, glancing up at the clock on the wall. Her break ends soon, but she was most worried about leaving the register unattended. He migrates his thumb down to massage her clit, moving in hasty circular motions, causing her to cry out. He covers her mouth with his, masking the sounds of her moans, knowing she's close.

"Come for me, baby." He coaxes her, rubbing her clit more feverishly, feeling his own release strengthening. Her moaning grows louder as he feels her pussy walls contract and suddenly she's shaking as she reaches her peak, the pleasure completely engulfing her. He quickly comes after her, his seed filling her fully, the sensation of her release too much to handle. They stay like that for a minute, both trying to get control of their breathing. He puts her down before long as they both hurry to pull up pants and button shirts.

"That was..." He was genuinely blown away each time they had sex. It never felt the same with anyone else as it does with Joyce.

"I know," She returns, standing on her tiptoes to give him a delicate kiss as she reaches next to her, grabs the closest item, and hands it to Jim before she moves to walk out in front of him.

"Ah yes, can't forget the toothpaste we were looking for." He snorts and slaps her ass as she walks past him. Once they get back up front they are thankful to see no customers so she takes the toothpaste back and hurries him out before anyone can see him.

"See you tonight?" He questions, suddenly feeling like a nervous teenager. She just smiles and nods, retreating back to her spot behind the counter. He whistles as he walks back to his blazer, feeling on top of the world, but when he gets there he's met with a brooding

Jonathan - leaning against the door.

"Hey, you need my services?" He smiles, trying to make a joke, but Jonathan's face stays stern.

"I need you to stay the hell away from my mom."

2. Chapter 2

"Jonathan, what?" Hopper is stunned. He thought the boy liked him at least a little.

"You think I don't know about what's been going on, the sneaking around? I share *a wall* with her." Jonathan gives him a knowing look, crossing his arms.

Hopper isn't sure what to say at this point having been completely caught off guard. It's not his place to have this conversation with Joyce's son. After all, she had been the one who wanted to keep things quiet.

"I appreciate all the police work you've done for my family the past two years, but that's all it is. That's where the line is." Jonathan pushes himself off of the Blazer and goes to walk away, but the Police Chief stops him.

"Where is this coming from? Your mom and I have been friends for years. You never cared about me coming around until now." Hopper questions, genuinely confused.

"That's because I thought you were just being her friend. What were you waiting for Bob to die so you could jump in?" Jonathan accuses.

Hopper is somewhat stunned, but he should have been expecting it. That was one of the many reasons Joyce wanted to keep things quiet. She didn't want to be public so soon after Bob had perished, fearing what the town and her children would think.

"She doesn't need someone that drinks, takes pills, sleeps around, and whatever the hell else you do. You aren't good for her so stay away. I'll bring Jane to the cabin when you get off work so she's not alone. There's no reason for you to come by my house anymore." Jonathan passes him, hitting Hopper with his shoulder as he does, and gets in his car, speeding off.

He was supposed to join The Byers for dinner tonight with Jane after

he got off work, but after his conversation with Jonathan he couldn't help but feel precarious. Not wanting to disregard the teenager's request, he dials Joyce's number from his desk phone.

"Hello?" Joyce's voice comes on after two rings - she must be in the kitchen getting things ready.

"Hey, I...um..." He clears his throat "I won't be able to make it for dinner. I just got a call." He lies, knowing she would start asking questions if he didn't provide a reason.

"Okay," Joyce looks back at Jonathan at the sink, pulls the receiver closer and lowers her voice, "well come over when you're done...I got something new to wear tonight..." She teases him. She hadn't gotten new lingerie in years, but wants tonight to be special. She's going to talk to him about making things more official between them. They are moving fast, but she hardly cares, she doesn't want to hide anymore. She can feel herself falling for him - if she hasn't already.

"I'm exhausted. I'm probably just going to head home when I'm done. You don't have a problem keeping Jane? I'm not sure how late it's going to be." He's surprised how easily the lies are sliding off his tongue and how natural they sound, but feels awful. He could just talk to her about his conversation with Jonathan, but maybe the teenager had a point. It had got him thinking. Everything he loves is always swallowed by a massive black hole.

"Yeah of course, but Hop..." She wants to make sure he knows they don't always have to have sex; they can just sleep.

"I gotta go, Joyce." He hangs up the phone before she can get another word in. She listens to the dead line for a minute before she hangs up and turns around, seeing the kitchen table set for five people. Jonathan looks over at her, "I guess we won't be needing these." She clears one of the spots, putting the plate, silverware, and glass away - her displeasure evident.

"Everything okay, Mom?" Jonathan questions, full well knowing what is bothering her. He feels guilty, but he only wants what's best for his mom. Sure Hopper is a fine friend to his mother, but he's too unstable for anything more than that. She's too consumed in her gratitude of

him helping her save Will to think clearly.

"Of course, honey." She gives him a tight-lipped smile and goes back to the stove.

The next morning a loud banging on the door wakes Jim. Rolling over he sees the alarm clock read 8am, he groans hoping the person will just go away, but the knocking persists. He climbs out of bed and makes his way to the door, wearing nothing but his boxers, "Alright, alright," That much noise accompanied with his hangover is making his head throb. As soon as he opens the door he's knocked backwards, lips connecting to his, the smell of smoke filling his senses. She must have had a cigarette on the way over.

"Joyce," He breaks their kiss, his hands on her shoulders.

"Hopper," She stands up on her tiptoes to attach her lips to his neck and continues, "I thought since you've had some time to relax, we could have some time to play." She keeps sucking the same spot on his neck as she slides her hand down his chest and into his boxers, wrapping her hand around his member, eliciting a throaty moan from him. Joyce starts to walk backwards, her grip still firm on his cock, giving him no choice but to follow.

"The kids?" He questions, his head foggy from her touch mixed with the hangover, being led into the bedroom.

She scoffs, "You think they're up this early? We've got a little time." She pushes him back on the bed, peels off her jeans and begins to unbutton her flannel shirt as she straddles him.

"And we don't have to worry about being quiet." She smirks, pulling her panties to the side, and sinking down onto him before he even realizes what's happening.

"Fuck, Joyce." Hopper grunts, not at all prepared. She is completely in control as she begins bouncing up and down on his cock.

"Oh, Hop." She moans, throwing her head back as she takes off her flannel shirt and tosses it behind her. Hopper sits up, pulling her tight

against him and works on the clasp of her bra. Before long the garment is following the same path as her shirt. He flips them so he's on top of her, earning a squeal from Joyce, staying seated inside her.

"Damn woman couldn't even let me get a rubber on." He laughs as he takes one of her nipples in his mouth, drawing circles with his tongue before he bites down on the small bud.

"I missed you last night." She admits, pulling his head up to kiss him.

"Me too. How was Jane?" He asks, continuing to pump inside her.

"We're in the middle of having sex and you want to talk about the kids?" She stops his motions, "Is everything okay?" She questions, looking into his eyes suspiciously.

"Never better," He lies, attaching his lips to her neck and resumes his thrusts.

Once they collapse on the bed, both sated from multiple orgasms, the phone rings. Hopper groans, but gets up and slides his boxers on before heading towards the phone. He got the landline recently; Joyce thinking it would be a good idea since he has Jane now. He doesn't see that. All people ever do is bother him.

"Hello?" He picks up with a hint of agitation in his voice at his post-coital bliss with Joyce being interrupted.

"Is she there?" Jonathan's voice is dripping with venom. Hopper clears his throat, speaking quietly so Joyce doesn't overhear.

"I really don't think that's your business...."

"It is when you two are sneaking off and leaving me with the kids. And when I explicitly told you to stay away from her." He's fuming. Hopper looks up as Joyce comes into view, walking towards him.

"She'll be home soon." He hangs up quickly and looks over at Joyce.

"I have to get home, who was that?" She notices he's a little tense for the activities they just did.

"It was Jonathan. He wants me to stay away from you."